

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 898.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 18, 1875.

VOL. XXXV. No. 12.

A. Saran on Robert Franz and the Old German Volkslied and Choral.*

(Continued from Page 87.)

Let us now cast a hasty glance upon the old German Song and its history.—Its origin is veiled in obscurity. Only so much seems certain: that it developed itself at quite an early period in opposition to the Gregorian Church Song, both as sacred and as secular *Volkslied*, or People's Song.

[In his Appendix Saran gives two specimens of the religious *Volkslied*, arranged, at his request, in four-part harmony by Robert Franz.]

The bloom of the secular people's song was in the fourteenth and fifteenth century. Unfortunately but very meagre remains of the luxurious richness of the popular melodies of that time have been handed down to us in their original form. The most we have is found—probably with free modifications—in contrapuntal elaborations (*Bearbeitungen*) by the great tone-masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth century, who, well appreciating the high value of the popular melodies, frequently made them the foundation as *cantus firmus* for church compositions. But a few years since a collection of melodies for one voice from the middle of the fifteenth century was discovered by Fr. Arnold, and has been published in Chrysander's *Jahrbüchern*, Vol. II. These undoubtedly belong to the oldest songs that we possess in notes, and therefore are of eminent importance. In Arnold's opinion, to be sure, the melodies contained in this collection are to be regarded not as People's, but as Art Songs. Nevertheless they shed a clear light on the *Volkslied* of that time. For, apart from the fact that many of the melodies agree in their essential character with accepted *Volksliedern*, it may safely be assumed, that the composers of those days, in their high esteem for the *Volkslied*, took it for the model of their own song compositions. Moreover no one to this day has succeeded in establishing precisely what then passed for *Volkslied* and what for *Kunstlied* (Art-Song), or wherein the distinction between the two consists.

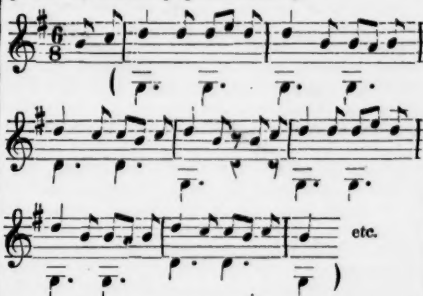
Accordingly, if we may be permitted to apply what Arnold says of the characteristic traits of the melodies in this old "Lochheimer Liederbuch," to the old German song in general, the fundamental features were about as follows:—

1. The pregnant construction of the principal melodic motive, and the strictly thematic carrying out of the same. "A melodic thought, even if not of much significance, yet long-winded and admitting of development, extending through four, or at the least two measures, stands sharply stamped at the head; then follows the after-period, formed with strictest musical consistency out of the first motive. And now begin, for the first time, a series of

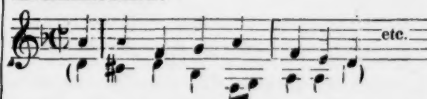
transpositions, in which the rule was that the other keys were to be touched according to the degree of their relationship, without introducing the same cadence twice. After this the motive is shortened or amplified, according to the changing rhythm of what is to be sung; and a melodic clause, already used as middle passage in the connecting work, commonly forms the conclusion." (Arnold, page 23.)

2. The melody is polyphonic. "Every tone contains in itself at the same time a definite harmony; or, as von Liliencron in his '*Lieder und Sprüche aus der letzten Zeit des Minnesanges*' expresses it: 'Every succession of tones is at the same time a succession of latent harmonies of such importance, besides being of such easy flexibility, that they are infinitely superior to the usual trivial chords of an accompaniment.'" (Arnold, page 28.)

Compare, for example, the following (homophonus) Italian popular melody:



(Bardale, by E. Baumstark and W. v. Waldbrühl, p. 16.) with the polyphonus Choral: "Vater unser im Himmelreich:"



The former is based on two chords; in the latter every tone progression demands inexorably its own significant harmony; it obliges the Bass also to become a characteristic melodic "part" or voice.

3. The key has its foothold on the old Church system; but it shows already a strong tendency to the modern Major and Minor. (Arnold, p. 29.)

4. The rhythm of the melody adheres closely to the verbal accent; the most intimate interpenetration of word and tone, even to the finest details, is perceptible throughout. (Arnold, p. 24.)

This, substantially, was the German Song in its first period, while it was yet untouched by the Contrapuntal art, which afterwards took possession of it and illustrated it in the richest manner, though to be sure, with the limited means of that time, in a somewhat clumsy and, for us of later birth, more or less unenjoyable form. Robert Franz has—also at our desire—arranged two pieces from the *Lochheimer Liederbuch* in modern form, for a single voice with piano accompaniment. (Given in Appendix II.)

The Reformation was of epoch-making significance also for the *Volkslied*. If we may believe Arnold, the greater part of the Protestant Chorals down to 1570 are borrowed from the old folk-songs. But these underwent melodic and rhythmical modifications in the religious service. Thus in the singing of the congregation (however rhythmical this may have been in the beginning) the more animated rhythm of the melodies, corresponding with the verbal accent, must have been smoothed away, so that the chorals very early acquired that more calm and even step, in which they are now sung. But also in regard to the progression of intervals, many changes occurred: for the people never allows itself, not even to-day—in spite of all the pains of our historians and organists—to be deprived of its right to vary the melodies according to its own need or taste.

But also in this form the *Volkslied* (now church song) became for the second time the starting point for the richest and grandest development of Art. On the one hand they composed, with this for their pattern, numberless chorals; but on the other hand there sprang from it the two great main streams of the vocal and instrumental music of the seventeenth and eighteenth century: the Motet and Organists' School from John Eccard to Sebastian Bach. Here the Choral was employed, in a similar manner with the secular *Volkslied* before, as the melodic foundation for the mightiest contrapuntal creations; and hence we may regard the Choral as the very mother's lap of all the Bach and Handel music.

This is put still more beyond a doubt, when we consider finally the third epoch of the history of the sacred *Volkslied*. While the choral in that artistic treatment retained essentially the traditional form, we see it since the end of the seventeenth century, plainly under the influence of the native schools and of the newly rising Italian opera, put forth still a last splendid blossom—in the so-called *Freylinghausen's Hymn Book*.

This remarkable book, which first appeared in 1704 and 1714 in two parts, contains in its later editions, edited by G. A. Francke, son of the celebrated Aug. Herm. Francke, (1741 and 1771), 1581 hymns with 609 melodies. The latter are partly the old ones long in use—yet with many sorts of embellishments; partly they are taken from the Darmstadt hymn book which appeared in 1698; and partly again, as the preface says, they are "composed for it anew by Christian and experienced musicians here upon the spot (that is, in Halle.)"

Now these new melodies, as well as those taken from the Darmstadt book, bear a wholly different character from the old ones. If the latter are essentially to be regarded as the plain and sublime expression of the objective church consciousness, the "Halle" melodies correspond entirely to the subjective pietistic tenden-

* Translated for DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.

cy, to which they owe their origin. Hence an exuberant fullness of melodic charm, even to sickly sentimentality. We note in them also, an especial partiality to the 3-4 measure, at times bordering even on the dance style. And finally a broadly laid out structure of the strophes (or stanzas), with innumerable symmetrical limbs and smaller members (repetition of lines, &c.), wherein the influence of the Aria form is unmistakable. Hence we are by no means inclined to be answerable for all the numbers of the book. But there are also a great many among them fully up to the most exacting claims.

[In proof of this, Saran gives four more Chorals, expressly harmonized for a mixed choir by Franz.]

But what is most interesting in these pieces of music, is the striking affinity which they show with the structure of Bach's melody,—so striking that, from of old, Bach has been suspected of the direct authorship of most of them. This conjecture may now be considered as finally set at rest through the conclusive investigations of Spitta (*Joh. Seb. Bach*, Band I. S. 365 ff.)

But all the more interesting is the light shed by this *Freylinghausen'sche Gesangbuch* on Seb. Bach and his contemporaries. We see, the melody of this book is in a certain sense the common property of the epoch. And even Bach and Handel, greatly as they tower above all their contemporaries in other respects, draw from this gushing spring of living waters, and are rooted in the midst of the musical movement of the century.

Now, after what we have said about the very relative distinction in the older times between the People's-song and the Art-song, we have not the least hesitation in ascribing the "Halle melodies" to the People's Song in the wider sense; and this the more confidently, since these melodies, in spite of the warning protest of the Orthodox-Lutheran Faculty of Wittenberg, have spread with wild rapidity over Germany, so that the *Freylinghausen'sche Gesangbuch* became the favorite one of the whole last century. Regarded from this point of view Sebastian Bach,—who is more deeply rooted than any other man, with all his fibres, in the mother soil of the religious Volkslied—appears to us in fact (to use Spitta's fine expression) as the incarnate musical genius of the German people.

For in him and his contemporaries the church Volkslied had completed its peculiar history. After Seb. Bach not another important Choral-composer has appeared. The few beautiful tunes from the second half of the last and from our present century cannot affect the account at all.

Anyhow, with Bach the old North German Protestant musical development is essentially concluded. Having its footing upon entirely different foundations, and drawing from quite different sources, has the later so-called classical, i. e. the South German Catholic school of music (Haydn, Mozart, &c.), developed itself. Here there is no trace to be discovered of the older Volkslied or the Choral.

Only since Mendelssohn has the most recent time formed a new tie with Bach and Handel, and so taken up the old North German tradi-

tion anew. But no one is more deeply rooted in it than ROBERT FRANZ.

(To be Continued.)

Titians Abitura.

[From a Correspondent of the London "Musical Standard."]

There is a period in the duration of every good voice, when it is possessed of an especial charm. The particular time of its occurrence and the length of its continuance are uncertain. With some it is early, with others comparatively late. With some too it is brief, with others, again, somewhat lasting. No certain rule can be given when to look for it, as in this matter Nature is capricious; but mostly, though not always, it is to be found before the voice has attained its full ripeness. In this case, though the voice subsequently would be pronounced finer, the particular fresh charm or bloom might be wanting. The word "bloom" must not on any account be accepted as the synonyme of "veil," which is essentially different, as its cause and effect are different.

It would be invidious to point to all those public singers who are now in the possession of this charm of voice. Suffice it to say that Mdle. Titians possesses it. She is an example of those who retain it for a lengthened duration. And possibly in her case a long course of singing had to be gone through ere that peculiar bright tinge of color came. It is to be hoped that when our friends across the Atlantic hear her for the first time, the gifted lady will be in perfect health, and free from both bodily and mental fatigue, as this freedom is a condition, generally speaking, of the existence of this charm. Then will America know in a measure what an artist England has been enjoying since 1858, when the late Mr. Lumley first introduced the lady to the subscribers to the Opera held at Her Majesty's late Theatre. It will, however, but be in a measure that the greatness of the Titians will be known, as, if report be correct, the lady will not appear on the stage, but only in the concert room and in oratorios. America, therefore, will be incapable of fully realizing the portrait, musical and dramatic, of the devoted wife (Fidelio), with which English amateurs are familiar, and which again and again they can picture to their mind's eye, so indelibly impressed is it upon their imagination, owing to the exceeding power with which it was first presented to their intelligence. In like manner that country will be incapable of comprehending the pictures, appreciable from several points of view, of Lucrezia, Valentine, Semiramide, Medea, and Norma, among a few others, which opera frequenters have for long admiringly looked at, until their sense of admiration has become either heart-sympathy or awe, this latter emotion being particularly excited by the Ortruda which the great artist presented, leaving upon the remembrance of all who witnessed it (especially those who were present at Drury Lane on the Saturday evening when Lohengrin was produced) an impress as if the very letters of the character were cast in fire, whilst those of the character of Elsa were moulded in the purity of angels' wings.

But in the concert room to which, it may be, Titians will confine her talents, there will be enough to fill all listeners with delight. There will be the majestic tones, steady, grand, rich, well-modulated, and tinted with the charm already alluded to, but which it is beyond the power of any one adequately to describe. There will be the noble conception of all the great songs she undertakes. Added to this will be her vocal resources, her executive skill, her *coloratura*, her variety of tone-color indicative of the sentiments by which she will seem to be animated; as such an artist will not give utterance to a thought or feeling in musical cadence which will not carry with it the proper tone-shade, telling its spontaneity, and proclaiming it as warm and fresh from the heart.

Whilst she is away the English people—who never cross the fathomless ocean, and who

shrink with something of terror from the thought of those long days and long nights where nothing is to be seen but sky and water, save when a distant ship is descried, an object of excitement to all on board, especially to those traversing the boundless deep for the first time—will be with her in imagination, anticipating her triumphs, anxious to read the earliest reports of her reception, and of the enthusiasm she will have occasioned, and desiring most of all her happy return, crowned with the laurel of the tens of thousands of our appreciating friends across the Atlantic, who are as we are, speak the English language, and take no greater pleasure than in sympathising with us in everything that is great and noble, whether it be in acts of policy, deeds of war, the adaptation of science, or the exaltation of art.

F. P.

Bayreuth.

WAGNER'S NEW OPERA-HOUSE AND RESIDENCE—TWO BEAUTIFUL CHATEAUX—BAYREUTH IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

[Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.]

Bayreuth, once the residence of the splendor-loving Margraves of Brandenburg, is now a dull and lifeless city, waiting for its birth into new life by the appearance of the Niebelungen in the summer of '76.

It still wears the vestiges of the ancient grandeur, for which it is indebted to Margraves Christian, George William, and Frederic, husband of Wilhelmina, the gifted sister of Frederick the Great. The majority of the very oldest buildings were destroyed during the siege of the Hussites in 1430. The old palace, built in 1454, escaped the general devastation, and is now used for public offices; the new palace, as it is called, built in 1753 by Margrave Frederic, has been fitted up for the King of Bavaria. The town seemed so void of life as we drove from the depot to the hotel, and the few people we did meet appeared so curious as to the movements of strangers, that one could readily fancy he had dropped back into the middle ages. There seem to have been but two new buildings erected in this century, the spacious and modern residence of Richard Wagner, and his famous opera-house.

I have never looked at the great composer without admiring the intense amount of faith he has in his own efforts; but since I have visited Bayreuth and its surroundings, seen the superannuated town in one corner of a little plain, and the Parnassus of the Wagnerian temple way off in another distant corner, reached only by a miry, muddy road, surrounded as you approach it by a bed of coal-tar refuse that sticks to your shoes, soils your clothes and fires your temper, and remembered that this man, in the face of all these obstacles, had undertaken this work and very nearly brought it to a successful consummation, with as much confidence as though he were placing it in the centre of a populous city, I not only admire the man, but I am astounded at the audacity of the undertaking. How he ever expects to fill it with an appreciative audience, even at the representation of the "Niebelungen," is a mystery, but to make it afterward a paying investment is a still greater wonder. Wagner, of course, does not look at the matter in so common-place a light or take so material a view of it as to reckon it in the way of thalers and groschens, though he has hard labor and care enough to raise a sum sufficient to complete it. Perhaps after the strangely-constructed building has served the one great end for which it is erected, the representation of the master work of the artist, he will consider it as a temple of harmony in a great desert, where every composer must make a pilgrimage, who would have their new works brought out under the influence of this wonderful acoustic; or he may be satisfied to let it add another to the monuments of decayed grandeur, of which Bayreuth now possesses so many. It will be a fitting accompaniment to the sumptuous opera house, built in 1747, in which Princess Wilhelmina introduced Italian opera and French comedy, and drew the best talent out of Paris—the celebrated Clairon and the noted pantomimists, Heurtaud and Lekain—and out of Italy the maestro Porporino, the lovely Consuelo, the singers Leonardi and Grassi, the ballet dancers Balbi Bigatti, and conducted an opera-house that emulated the largest in the world. This splendid building is now

in a most dilapidated condition, but even in its empty and deserted state calls forth admiration from every spectator. It is said Wagner conceived the idea of building his new opera-house and bringing out his *Niebelungen* from the old building, erected in such sumptuous style, and which has been the scene of so much departed glory.

In outward appearance the new building does not at all resemble the old one, nor, indeed, any other that one has ever seen. Fancy a large building, whose whimsical owner has added a wing here, a rounded corner there, a covered piazza some place else, with two or three extra vestibules, and you will have a fair idea of the irregular external appearance of the new opera house. The inside when completed will be superb. The stage is immense, occupying fully half the building. There are no side boxes to obstruct the view, and the parquetry runs up like an amphitheatre. There are but twenty-nine rows of seats, and these are arranged in a three quarter circle, touching the stage at either end, and will seat 2200 people. A gallery runs around the circle at some distance above, but there is but little provision made for seats here, as they would be very undesirable.

The King's box is in the front of the stage, just beyond the parquetry. The peculiarity of the internal arrangement lies in placing the orchestra out of sight of the audience. To accomplish this they are seated at a proper distance below the stage, and surrounded by a railing that is high enough to screen them, but does not obstruct the view from the lowest tier of seats. The effect of hearing the music without seeing the movement of the instruments will undoubtedly add greatly to the interest of the performance. We, unfortunately, arrived at the building just five minutes too late. As we entered, Herr Wagner and his best two female singers came out. They had been trying the acoustic, which the gentlemanly superintendent, who so kindly showed and explained to us the arrangement of the building, told us was truly magnificent and perfectly satisfactory in every way. This we could have imagined from the gratified expression on the face of the composer, who came out bowing and smiling, while the ladies were still humming some airs of the opera, and tripping along as gayly and happy as birds.

If there be no further lack of funds, there is every prospect of the house being in readiness for the summer of '76. Plastering, painting and decorating are not yet commenced, and the stage, with its immense net-work of hanging ropes, resembles the masts and spars of a shipping port, but the superintendent assured us all was progressing favorably, and he expected to deliver the keys before the appointed time.

Herr Wagner's residence is a handsome square, modern house, in the building of which he has been ignobly accused of appropriating some of the funds contributed for the opera-house. He has earned for himself a comfortable home, but, if report be true, Madame W. does not allow him much quiet enjoyment of it.

In the suburbs of Bayreuth are two beautiful chateaus, the *Ermitage* and *Fantasia*. The first, built by the Margrave George William, in 1715, is surrounded by fine gardens and parks, containing numerous cool fountains and artificial rivers. Among the family portraits in the chateau are one of Frederick the Great as a child, one as a king, and one very fine of his sister, the Margravine. There is a portrait also of the Countess Orlamunde, the original of the White Lady who died in the year 1300, but who still haunts the palace in Berlin, appearing always before the death of a member of the royal family. As the countess was buried in a church at Himmelskron, a small village on the road leading to Beamberg, we are willing to believe disembodied spirits make their visitations at such distant points without being subjected to all the annoyances of modern travellers. Were it otherwise, there would have been long before this an improvement in the system of hotel-keeping.

The *Fantasia* belongs to the Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg, and is at present occupied by him. After we had walked over the beautiful and well-kept grounds, the duke was obliging enough to vacate his rooms that we might inspect them, we wishing particularly to see some statuary made by his mother, the Duchess Marie, née Princess of Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe. The sculpture was in every way worthy of the praise we had heard bestowed upon it, a bust of Joan of Arc and a suppliant angel being remarkably fine. The rooms are furnished in exquisite taste, and admirably in keeping with the beautiful surroundings. As we

left the palace there strolled leisurely up one of the shaded walks a lovely woman, dressed in a charming blue robe. Her maid brought her a piece of bread, and as she strewed it around her the gray and white pigeons came from all directions and cooed about her, pecking at her pretty feet, alighting on her shoulders, caressing her, and begging for more. Passing soon after one of the embowered summer-houses where she sat, the duke entered and said: "You are looking remarkably well to-day." To which pretty speech she retorted: "Complimentary as usual, Herr Graf," but in a tone that showed how thoroughly she appreciated the remark.

The grounds, the fountains, the walks with interlacing trees trimmed in stiff French style, the cooing pigeons, the handsome duke, the pretty woman, all combined to carry us back to the past century, when Maria Theresa played shepherdess, and the prince and princesses strolled through her parks with broad-brimmed hats and graceful crooks to do the bidding of their pretty but wilful mistress, or converted themselves into nymphs and satyrs to enable her to while away a weary hour in admiring their transformation.

Bayreuth, under the regime of the talented Wilhelmina, was a witness of similar gayeties and festivities. The whole court was ordered in imitation of the French; indeed, it was French, the master of ceremonies was a nobleman from Versailles; all the knights and cavaliers were from the best French families. Voltaire, as guest, was received with royal honors, and the vain poet revelled in the homage bestowed upon him by the Margrave and Margravine, and acted himself in his tragedy of the "Death of Cesar." The music director was a Count Mirabeau, from the same family out of which afterward came the Mirabeau of the revolution. Another French officer was superintendent of the Margravine's theatre, and when the palace was reduced to ashes by the insatiable flames, it was under his direction that it was rebuilt in all its former splendor.

The princely cuisine was supplied with three masters of the kitchen, two head cooks, four pastry cooks, two cooks for the cavaliers, an assistant cook, and one who did nothing but roast the meats, together with a small army of underlings, both male and female. The army, a hussar corps, a body guard battalion, seven musketeer companies, the artillery, and a landwehr regiment, surpassed in the elegance and splendor of their uniforms the soldiers of Frederick the Great. Frederick and Wilhelmina, rulers over a province that contained but 300,000 souls, lavished in their capital, that at the foot of the Fichtelgebirge lay remote from all other great cities, a luxury and splendor that appalled Frederick the Great, and on the occasion of a visit to them, he reproachfully exclaimed: "Where do you gather all the necessary gold—I cannot do it?"

In great festivities the large salon of the palace was converted into a forest by the building in at one end a large addition out of the bark of trees. This was hung with colored lights, and the Prince and Princess did the honors of the house at a table glittering in gold and silver. When the bountiful repast was over, the noble lords and ladies mingled with each other, clothed in masquerade costumes of so great a value, from their rich texture and costly graven shields, that the price of one should have supported for a year many a poor peasant family that groaned under the heavy tax imposed upon them by their thoughtless rulers.

Upon the Margrave's birthday the great salon was transformed into the Mount of Parnassus. A celebrated singer acted Apollo upon a throne erected for the purpose, from where he sang a cantata filled with allegories, and besought the Muses, wine, beautiful women, to prize the happy day, and the arts and sciences that would be represented before them. At the side of the theatre stood the banquet table arranged with 150 seats, and arrayed in all imaginable splendor. The walls of the room were hung with French proverbs framed in wreaths of green. The assembled court formed the followers of the gods, and paraded around in a fitting costume. On the succeeding Sundays the officiating priest never failed to denounce the godless gayeties, and placed before them the future pains and torments they would suffer for their wicked behavior; but where Voltaire erected an altar and sacrificed to the gods the good man's threats and reproofs were in vain; even the white lady could find no rest in her grave, an unearthly noise filled the corridors every night, ghastly figures flitted through the rooms, and unholy blood

flowed from the sarcophagi in the princely mausoleum; but, with all these frightful warnings, the festivities still went on.

It was in this palace, every room of which was ornamented with Oriental splendor, that Wilhelmina wrote her memoirs. Here she exchanged with Voltaire letters replete with sparkling witticisms. Here she conceived the idea of founding a university, at the consecration of which, in 1743, she selected the opening theme, and gave the Spinoza idea: "That the material can think." Here, crushed and suffering from great physical pain, she grieved over the fall of her house, and resolved not to survive the coalition of Austria, Russia and Sweden, that threatened to overthrow her idolized brother, Frederick the Great. Here, with the speculations of Descartes, she sought to drown the deepest sorrow of her life, and passed through a bitter conflict, when she learned that her husband, whom she truly loved, had, fascinated by one of her court ladies, proved false to her, and a lady to whom she was not alone princess, but a confiding friend. Upon a column in the park was engraven: "Thou art more deeply buried in my heart than in this stone." This sentence the princess, in her agony, oft repeated. With the death of Frederick and Wilhelmina the glory of Bayreuth passed away, and had the reverend father lived to see her broken spirit, he could well have believed his denunciations had proven true before her departure to another world.

So Bayreuth looked in the eighteenth century. Shall I spoil the picture by relating how it appeared to five strong-minded women of the nineteenth? Arriving at the station we found three omnibuses awaiting the train. With the usual feminine weakness we chose the one with the brightest paint and the reddest cushions. It landed us at an unpretending hotel; it could not well have been otherwise. The landlord seemed so astonished to have such an inroad of guests that I think his dumpy legs must still ache from the amount of waddling around he did. I rather imagine he fulfilled the manifold duties of landlord, clerk, head waiter, boots, and possibly lent a hand in cooking, from the way he puffed up and down stairs to know if we would have coffee or tea, eggs soft or hard, cutlets or ham, and when our whole order was centred into the one article of an English beefsteak, the poor man's anxiety was really ludicrous to witness. We managed, however, to get food enough to refresh us, walked over the lifeless old town, smothered under some featherbeds, and left at 4 o'clock in the morning, minus five thalers, in addition to an extravagant bill. In benighted Bavaria they still use guldens and kreutzers in putting the account into marks and groshens. The good man got the better of us, which we did not discover until we were many miles away. We consoled ourselves by fancying that it was a descendant of one of Wilhelmina's ground-down burghers revenging himself on the fair philosopheress by cheating her foreign sisters. Still, upon our return, it would not be wise for any of you to ask us, "How we like Bayreuth?" L.A.B.

Practical Bearing of Helmholtz's Discoveries.

(From "Church's Musical Visitor.")

In the former paper, I gave an outline of Helmholtz's discoveries in the matter of sound-color, the substance of which was that the quality of a sound depends upon the number and relative intensity of the partial tones associated in the clang. I also gave a description of his ingenious apparatus of tuning-forks by which he imitated at will, not only the characteristic tones of the various orchestral instruments, but also, and more wonderful still, the vowels of human speech. Those who have read Tyndall on "Sound," have found in his book this theory of Helmholtz's announced; but for some reason Tyndall gives no account of the apparatus by means of which Helmholtz placed his theory beyond dispute. For it is evident that when he claims the characteristic quality of a violin tone to consist of harmonies as high as the tenth partial tone, the last four being very clear and bright, but the lower six somewhat suppressed, and then turning to his apparatus which has not one element of a violin about it, and after suitably adjusting its resonators, produces a distinctly characteristic violin tone, lacking only the *bite* of the bow on the string, he has placed his theory beyond dispute.

Rather funnily, and as might have been foreseen, Helmholtz has been distinctly contradicted by an Englishman named Chappel, who pooh-poohs the

whole theory, and thereby cuts a ridiculous figure, which he would have been spared had Tyndall taken the trouble to describe the tuning-fork apparatus and the experiments with it (extending over some eight years), in the course of which Helmholtz abundantly demonstrated the absolute certainty of his theory.

The practical value of this knowledge of sound does not yet appear. Thus far it seems to be used merely as a toy, or to gratify an idle curiosity. Nevertheless, it has a very decided promise for the future, certainly for the pianoforte, organ, and reed-organ, and probably in voice-training.

I. THE PIANOFORTE. The crucial problems of the piano-maker, are three: 1. Tenacity of tune; 2. Prolonged tone; 3. Quality of tone. The first desideratum has been quite successfully dealt with. Notwithstanding the fearful strain upon a seven-octave piano, there are many of them that hold their pitch extremely well. For instance, I gave lessons on a piano last winter that kept in very good tune through two months or more of boarding-school use, which, of course, is worse than six months in a parlor. Last summer I used a Grand that travelled a couple of thousand miles or so with Rubinstein, and after a month's hard use, and twelve miles' ride in a wagon, it was still in very good tune, although a little "rough" in the unisons.

Still, it is a fact that some of the best pianos seem to get out of tune sooner than other poorer instruments; especially is this true of the uprights. This, however, is only apparent; just in proportion as the tone becomes free and resonant, and prolongs itself in a good singing quality, just in that proportion the piano becomes extremely sensitive to being in perfect tune. For where the tones are so prolonged, it gives time for every little imperfection in the tuning to show itself. Suppose, for instance, that the "beats" which occur between two strings of a unison not in perfect tune, occur so seldom as once a second. If now the tone ceases within the second, the beat may not take place at all; but if the tone be prolonged five seconds, five beats will take place, and the dissonance becomes palpable. This is true of all uprights; for all these have more singing tone than the squares of the same make.

In regard to the prolongation of tone, the piano is at a great disadvantage, especially if we require the prolonged singing tone, unmarred by the impact of the hammer which on some pianos so disagreeably impresses itself on the player's consciousness; for the vibration of the piano tone has its inception in a steel wire, firmly struck by a hammer. It necessarily follows, therefore, that the first moment of the tone is the strongest; thus we have always the *marcato*, an accent and a rapid *diminuendo*. In spite of this inherent depravity of the pianoforte, the makers have so contrived to brace and support the sounding-board, and have so improved its quality, that the tone is prolonged plainly for many seconds, frequently with very little loss of power for quite a long time.

But after all, the great question is: Has the piano a good tone, and is it uniform in quality throughout the various registers?

At present there is no standard of quality in the tone of the piano. Different makers have different ideas. Each one has his own ideal of a fine tone, which he realizes as closely as he can. Compare, for instance, the tones of the grand pianos of Steinway, Decker, Weber, Hallet & Davis, and Chickering. The Weber tone is brilliant, very pleasing at a distance, and very powerful. It derives its brightness from the presence in the clang of certain very high harmonics, some of which are dissonant. For playing a Liszt piece, I should doubt whether it had a superior. The tone of the Steinway is less voluminous, and has less of a certain reckless brilliancy, nevertheless, in the hands of a good player, is susceptible of the loveliest effects. The Chickering, again, have a different ideal of tone. We find it in all their pianos—a clear, sweet tone, pure, easily to be tuned; but, on the whole, not brilliant enough. Strictly speaking, it is too consonant. It lacks some of the partial tones necessary to sparkle in the tone. The Boston makers generally seem to have the Chickering tone for their ideal.

On what depends this variety of tone-color in different instruments? I answer, on the point at which the hammer strikes the string, the shape and quality of the hammer, the quality of the sounding-board, etc., etc. After the piano is made, the tone is "voiced," as it is called, by doctoring the hammers until the voicer thinks the tone is even. He seeks a uniform quality throughout the piano. But his only guide is his poor fallible ear. What he needs is a manageable resonator which will tell him

with scientific precision what partial tones exist in the clang, and in what prominence. Knowing this, it will not be impossible to reinforce some and suppress others until the true effect is reached. The failure of many piano-makers is a failure of ear. I know personally a number of piano-makers and organ-makers who, I believe, seek honestly to produce the best possible. But their ears do not treat them well, and they never will make good instruments until they learn to trust the judgment of musical ears, or depend on the infallible testimony of a scientific analysis of the tone. I fully believe the success of the foremost piano-makers depended largely on the deference they paid to honest criticism on their earlier efforts.

II. THE ORGAN. But it is the organ that has the most to hope from Helmholtz's discoveries. At present organ-pipes are voiced entirely by guess. The voicer has a very vague and distant ideal of some "gamba" or "diapason" or "oboe" he has somewhere heard, and toward this ideal he works pipe by pipe. A bad dinner or a night's dissipation plays havoc with his ideal. What is needed is a copy of Helmholtz's apparatus in every organ factory. Let a good "gamba" be accurately analyzed, and then we have something definite to go on. The voicer can then at any moment test the accuracy of his work, and then in time we may reach what we have not yet—a perfectly even stop; that is, one in which every note gives the same kind of a sound as the others, and all are alike true to the standard. What wonderful voicing we find now in some organs! Still there is a great improvement in late years. Hook, Johnson, Pomplitz, Steer, and Turner, and many others are sparing no efforts to excel in this art. But so far it depends solely upon the accident of their employing certain men who happen to combine acute ears and practical skill. Some day it will come to pass that standards of voicing will be acknowledged, and all work will be scientifically analyzed and compared with the standard.

III. THE VOICE. I dislike to meddle with a subject I know so little about as the voice. And perhaps the coming "compound resonator" has but a small field in the singer's province. Nevertheless, I notice that every voice has its own quality, which is, when you come to think of it, the predominance of a particular vowel sound which enters into and discolors all the utterances of that voice. The prevailing color of the voice must be noted and practice given in those vowels which will bring out the partial tones habitually wanting in the clang. One voice is all oo, another all äääh. Another has a pinched, flat sound. The great, vague oo must pinch up to the a (in *fast*); and the pinched-up a must round out into o and oo. Purity of vowel clangs is one of the radical things of voice-training, and one of things commonly forgotten entirely.

As it is now, one teacher knows no vowel but *ah*; another none but *oo*; another only *ö*. There is too little discrimination and adaptation of means to ends.

These are a few of the practical bearings of Helmholtz's discoveries. They reach out also into harmony and the whole doctrine of musical theory, and in many respects singularly confirm the empirical observations of the ancients which in the early days of scientific knowledge were discredited. For example, Helmholtz shows wherein the dissonance of the perfect fourth consists—namely, in the interference of the partial tones. The same book also gives a beautiful account of the ear, and its wonderful mechanism. But this part has been translated.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

How One Extreme begets its Opposite.

The London *Musical World* prints the following translation of an article found in a recent number of the *Art Musical* of Paris. So here we have it: on the one side, Wagnerite fanaticism, with its aggressive arrogance; on the other merciless French hate.

THE TEMPLE AT BAYREUTH.

"It cannot be a theatre; it is a temple erected in honor of a god by the god himself. On one occasion only will the deity exhibit himself to the eyes of believers. After that he will ascend to the spheres of eternity, leaving behind him a luminous track on our unhappy world. Once will the *Nibelungen* dazzle our souls, and then Bayreuth and its temple will return to chaos. One single type of the ideal masterpiece will issue from the sacred mould; the mould will then be shattered or carried away by angels. The act of faith will have cost some millions of francs, but with what glory it will cover the holy

people who had the ineffable grace to produce Richard Wagner!

"Such is the substance of the hymns now being sung by the fanatics. We French, who in questions not involving politics, are gifted with robust common sense, ask whether the whole business is a mystification or a proof of insanity.

"A letter published by M. Edmond Neukomm, in the *XXIXe Siècle*, furnishes us with details of the edifice at Bayreuth. It is large, uniform, and regular, like an immense barn, or an enormous shed at a fair. The auditorium is dwarfed, while the height of the stage reaches ninety-six feet. The interior is repulsively naked and monotonous. No boxes or luxurious places; the whole is a kind of amphitheatre separated from the stage by a chasm in which will be concealed the orchestra, out of sight of the spectators. Herr Wagner, who has invented and directed everything, calls this chasm the 'mystic space.'

"The *Nibelungen* will be performed in four evenings, for the opera which the Pontif of the Future is about to administer to his fanatics is quadruple. Then, as we said above, Bayreuth will relapse into silence, and the temple will be turned into a magazine for forage, unless it is burnt, so that its ashes may be scattered to the four quarters of Germany. Lastly, the *Nibelungen* will re-ascend to the clouds, or constitute the glory of the Musico-German Fatherland—if they do not fall flat the fourth evening, leaving behind them only the recollection of the most gigantic mystification of modern times, for, we repeat it, the whole business is either a mystification or a proof of insanity.

"We have no reason to spare Herr Wagner. Whether speaking as Frenchmen or cosmopolitan critics, we find for him only words of indignation. This man whom Nature endowed with marvellous gifts; this man who ought to have become a great musician, and shed lustre upon the epoch in which he lived, has done nothing but heap up ruins around him. His absorbing, envious, and malevolent spirit has attacked everything beautiful and deserving respect; on the remains of the splendid school founded by the masters of music and even by great poets, he has attempted to raise himself a throne, and, were he allowed to do so, nothing would remain standing of whatever has rendered famous the nineteenth century and the end of the eighteenth; everything would be dominated and wiped out by his invading personality, by that fatal face in which hate displays its most odious grimaces. A false admirer of the Antique, which he arranges after his own fashion; an utter contemner of what is modern; admiring only himself, but doing so without cessation and without restraint, Herr Wagner, we hope, will leave behind him nothing more than the recollection of an artistic monstrosity.

"Both as a politician and as a man of the world, Herr Wagner would, certainly, furnish matter for a study the reverse of flattering, but we will speak of him only as a musician. We shall find ample grounds to account for our antipathy.

"The musician, who began with works full of promise, and was endowed with the qualities to produce a master, has fallen, thanks to his pride, into the balderdash of exaggeration. In the first place he thought: 'I will not do as others have done. My genius shall strike out a new road.' This road was scarcely aught but a narrow path, encumbered with weeds and stones. He then thought: 'The road by which I was the first to pass, must be the only good road, the only road to be followed.' He then attacked, with savage brutality, everything he had previously admired. He saw nothing but Himself; Himself; always Himself! The pride of the artist, a pride pushed to madness, rendered execrable a man who was naturally bad. This man has been stubborn and cruel in his hate. He has gone so far as to forget the time when he gained his livelihood among us, and was always well treated in Paris. For this he will render an account to heaven.

"To all of us, French, Italians, and even Germans, he is bound to render an account for the miserable state to which he has endeavored to reduce musical art. His genius for intrigue, his audacity, and his art as an actor, have procured for him such supporters, that he has imperilled our great art and, for a time, obstructed its progress. Italy will be saved by the vigor of her temperament; as for Germany, she will remain unproductive and foggy so long as she chooses to imbibe the Wagnerian poison. Let her. But we French cannot entertain for this false reformer too much hatred.

"He has perverted the musical feeling of our youth; he is the cause, to a great extent, why they

produce nothing that will live; he has poisoned the young school by his anti-musical doctrines; he has robbed it of its respect for the masters, and has doomed it to protracted sterility. Had not our public opposed, with their cold energy, an insurmountable barrier to the Wagnerian encroachments, our national art would now be in the most pitiable condition. But the public were on their guard, and are so still. We are the more sure of them because it is their nature itself which resists. In their invincible repugnance to this false music there is nothing to show a preconceived purpose. The public consider the new Wagnerian manner to be hideous and irritating. They reject it, and disown works from which it seems to peep forth. That is all.

"Yet, in days gone by, we applauded some superb pages signed Richard Wagner, and had he not tortured his musical genius, so as to render it as monstrous as his intellect, we should, doubtless, applaud him still. But his bad feelings have become more strongly marked and exaggerated; he has produced tiresome, soporific, and unhealthy works. We have had the *Meistersinger*, that summary of his musical life up to the present, and the *Meistersinger*, a genuine mystification, has not been able to succeed anywhere.

"Now come the Temple of Bayreuth and the *Nibelungen*, an opera in four evenings—the maddest enterprise ever yet conceived by an artist or a patient escaped from Charenton. Everything is being prepared; the chorus is studying; the solo singers are ready; the orchestra is rehearsing under the direction of the composer, who has declared he is the only person worthy of conducting the immense work, which, like the 'De Profundis' of Master Barnabas, 'is destined to inter all the others.'

"Let us await the result. If it is such as we suppose it will be, the Theatre at Bayreuth may, without any very great modifications, be turned into a lunatic asylum.

"Come what may, however, we determined not to let slip the opportunity of expressing our opinion about Herr Richard Wagner, and his Temple. Richard Wagner, our common enemy, and the executioner of modern art, has launched out into a foolhardy enterprise which proves that his pride has been pushed to insanity. His disappointment can never equal the failure we hope he will experience; the complete failure he deserves. The greater that failure, the more ought the world of art to rejoice. G. STRADINA."

Adulterated Musical Literature.*

* *The Great Composers*, by Sarah Tytler. Daldy, Isbister and Co., London.

The following pungent and undoubtedly just criticism appears in the *Concordia* of Aug. 21.

Here we have a packet of notes and scraps, biographical, anecdotal and sometimes critical, taken without discernment from works of all kinds on the subject of music and musicians, put together without system and published without shame. If Miss Tytler, the arranger of this discreditable mixture, had confined herself to shaking up together the materials she has borrowed from Mr. Haweis's *Musical and Moral*, Moscheles's *Memoirs*, the *Imperial Cyclopædia of Biography* and the back numbers of the *Athenæum*, the result would still have been bad. But she has been indiscreet enough to add a great many facts and observations of her own concoction; and, as a whole, her volume may be fairly described as a mass of original and selected trash. The possible value of her copious citations is destroyed by the disorderly manner in which one authority is allowed to follow on the heels of another, whom, instead of supporting, he now and then trips up. Music cannot be divided absolutely, like the weather, into good, bad and indifferent; and widely divergent opinions may be lawfully entertained in respect to at least the great majority of composers. But when a writer, as ignorant of music and of the history of music as Miss Tytler shows herself to be, turns first to one author, then to another, in order to find out what is the proper thing to say about this or that composer, her judgments cannot be edifying, and are often just the contrary. Perhaps Miss Tytler would have failed less conspicuously had she taken less pains. If the publishers of the *Imperial Cyclopædia of Biography* would only have given their consent, she might have made an excellent book by simply reproducing from that work the articles on the most celebrated composers, more or less abridged. We should not perhaps have

shared on all points the opinions expressed by the distinguished author of the articles in question; but the opinions would, at least, have been genuine. They would have been based on some principle, and they would have been those actually entertained by the writer. Miss Tytler's opinions, however, are now those of Mr. Haweis, now those of the *Imperial Cyclopædia of Biography*, now those first of one then of another writer in the *Athenæum*; while at intervals she increases the general confusion by expressing views of her own.

Moscheles, according to Miss Tytler, was the greatest pianoforte composer of his period; Rossini was an ignorant impostor; one of the most admired pieces in *Norma* is an air called "Ah non giunge;" Schubert was coarse, and by his want of refinement shocked the delicate taste of Chopin; German music is good and Italian music bad; Balfe wrote an opera called *Genevieve*; Miss Balfe married Sir John Crawford; Beethoven is well known in England by his *Moonshine Sonata*; "Chappell" is an eminent English composer; M^{de}me. Schumann plays the piano in a style worthy of Charles Hallé;—and so on to infinity in the way of blunders.

"What is all this to me?" some irritated reader may ask, and what chance is there of any one believing, on the strength of Miss Tytler's assertion, whether at second hand or absolutely at random, that Moscheles was greater than Beethoven; that the composer of *Il Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell* was a charlatan; that *La Sonnambula* is somehow included in *Norma*; or that in defiance of time and space, Chopin was acquainted with Schubert? As for minor errors, every one knows that Miss Balfe married Sir Pitt Crawley, who quarrelled with her, because she hummed all day long the airs from her father's opera of *Genevieve de Brabant*; that with the exception of the *Moonshine Sonata*, attributed to Beethoven, Arthur Chappell composed all the music performed at the Monday Popular Concerts; that William Chappell is the author of the original melody of "God save the King;" that Tom Chappell wrote the whole of D'Albert's waltzes, and that M^{de}me. Schumann not only plays the piano as well as Charles Hallé, but even better.

It would be very difficult to give a full account of Miss Tytler's performance without condemning it in severer terms than we should like to employ. She has done her work neither cleverly, nor in good taste, nor with good faith. Thus she speaks again and again of composers whose works she does not know even by name, and administers to them praise or blame according to the opinion she may happen to have adopted from the critic she has last consulted. In such a case as this, we have a right to complain of the publisher quite as much as of the author. A grocer has no right to sell as articles of diet, substances unfit for human consumption; and a bookseller has no right to offer to the public, and even seek to force upon it by means of advertisements, a work professing to contain the opinions of a writer on a subject which that writer has not studied. If Miss Tytler had heard a little of the music of which she writes in such confident, and sometimes in such insulting terms, she might, for all we know to the contrary, be able to discuss it with high intelligence. We will give her the benefit of the doubt. But we cannot acquit the publisher of the charge, which every competent person who reads Miss Tytler's book will bring against him, of presenting to young persons—for whom Miss Tytler's volume is specially designed—very pernicious stuff indeed.

A French Singer at the Berlin Operahouse.

(From the "Diary" of M. Roger, the once famous tenor.)

On Friday, June 13, 1851, I arrived in Berlin. My first visit was to Meyerbeer. He was ill, but we had a long conversation together. In the evening, I saw *Faust*, a drama I did not know. It interested me greatly by the boldness of its conception and the admirable manner in which it was performed. I shall think of this same *Faust*; perhaps a drama might be made out of it for Paris, but all the philosophical reflections would have to be omitted, and the fantastic element, as furnishing a good opportunity for display, brought prominently forward. I reside in the Hôtel de St. Petersburg, Unter den Linden. A man called on me, and asked me to give him tickets for my first appearance. After talking of one thing and the other, he remarked that the Berlin public were very cold, and that it was absolutely necessary to dispel their frigidity by certain vigorous movements of the hands. I recognized in my visitor the chief of the Berlin *claque*. With us matters are not managed so discreetly. I

thanked him politely for his visit, remarking that I was not acquainted with this "German custom."—21st June. A bad day. At 10 o'clock, rehearsal of *Les Huguenots*. I was really detestable; no voice in consequence of indisposition. And Meyerbeer himself was there! He introduced me to the orchestra, who greeted me with applause. After I had sung, however, the applause ceased. I felt after the rehearsal like one damned. Berlin already displeased me. I fancied that every one in the street must read my disgrace in my face. Bacher, a friend of mine, who induced me to sing in Germany, had come from Vienna to hear me. And then such a falling off! I sat the whole day at home, with death in my heart.—22nd June. My success in *Les Huguenots* was great. After the romance in the first act, the ice was broken. The public, said to be generally so cold, applauded valiantly, like paid *claqueurs*. The duet in the second act, and the septet went well. The fourth act put the crown on everything. M^{lle}. Wagner and I were called on three times in succession; something unusual for Berlin. After the fifth act, the applause resembled a regular ovation.—M^{lle}. Wagner is a tall slim lady, a niece of Wagner the composer, who is beginning to attract attention in Germany. In Paris, her figure would, perhaps, be considered too tall; but she is so nobly plastic, that she produces the greatest effects. She studied under Garcia, who greatly developed more especially her chest notes. She possesses a great deal of fire and a lively imagination; in a word, she is an artist. As I sat at her feet, she leaned over me, and her beautiful long locks almost enveloped me completely; I saw nothing more and felt like a nightingale caught in a cage made of hair.—After this success, I was myself again; I once more became the "Parisian star" worthy of the reputation by which I had been preceded. Bacher brought me on the stage a bouquet from Meyerbeer's mother.

Music in New York.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 13, 1875. Few of the patrons of the Central Park Garden have realized the difficulties with which Mr. Thomas has had to contend during the past two months, and which his indomitable energy has enabled him to overcome. In July last Mr. Thomas was absent from town for a fortnight, during which time the concerts were successfully conducted by Mr. Dudley Buck. This short season of rest, which was absolutely necessary after a year of peculiarly trying work, was abruptly terminated by the sudden disappearance of the lessee of the Garden, leaving a large number of unsettled accounts.

It never rains, but it pours. This proverb was literally exemplified during the four stormy weeks which followed, when the very elements seemed to join in a conspiracy against the management of this favorite establishment, and to financial embarrassment was added the diminution of receipts caused by a long succession of rainy evenings. But here Theodore came to the rescue with a brilliant idea; that of giving a series of extra nights, one or two each week, to be devoted to some one great composer. This plan has proved eminently effective in increasing the receipts at the door, while as a means of musical culture the programmes have surpassed everything which has gone before.

I will give them in the order in which they came without further comment.

Tuesday, August 3, Beethoven Night.

Selections from Ballet Music, Prometheus, Op. 43.

Overture—Adagio—March.

(Violoncello Obligato by Mr. Ch. Hemann.)

Septett, Op. 20.

Theme and Variations—Scherzo—Finale.

Overture, Coriolan, Op. 62.

Symphony No. 5, C minor, Op. 67.

Overture, Leonora No. 3, Op. 72.

Romanza in G, Op. 40.

Played by all the first violins.

Turkish March, Ruins of Athens, Op. 113.

Thursday Evening, August 5.

Introduction and Fugue (first time)..... Mozart

Ballet Music, Orpheus.....Gluck

Symphony, No. 11, in G, [Breitkopf and Härtel edition].....Haydn

Overture, Medea, Op. 22.....Bargiel

Romanze for violin, [new].....Max Bruch

Mr. S. E. Jacobson.....Liszt

Mephisto Waltz, Lenau's Faust.....Hoffmann

Schauspiel Overture, [new].....Hoffmann

Serenade, [new], arr. by Theo. Thomas.....Schubert
March, Tannhäuser.....Wagner

Tuesday, August 10, Schubert Night.

Overture, Fier-a-bras.
Octet, [first time.]
1. Introduction—Allegro,
2. Andante,
3. Scherzo,
4. Andante—Molto—Allegro.
Symphony, No. 9, in C.
Entre-acte, Rosamunde.
Theme and variations, Quartet D minor.
String orchestra.
Overture: Alphonso and Estrella.

Thursday Evening, August 12.

Maestoso, Molto lento, } New.....Gluck
Chaconne.
German Dances.....Schubert
[Adapted for Orchestra by Johann Herbeck.]
Symphony in D. No. 5.....Mozart
Overture, Anacreon.....Cherubini
Septet, Op. 20.....Beethoven
Theme and Variations—Scherzo—Finale.
Overture: Manfred, Op. 115.....Schumann
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 3, in D.....Liszt
Symphonic Poem, Le Rouet d'Omphale.....Saint-Saëns
Fairy Overture: Aladdin.....Horneman

Tuesday, August 17, Mozart Night.

Introduction and Fugue in C minor.
String Orchestra.
Masonic Funeral March, [first time].
Concertone for two solo violins with oboe and violon-
cello obligato and orchestral accompaniment.
1. Allegro spiritoso, 2. Andantino grazioso,
3. Tempo di Minuetto.
Symphony in C, "Jupiter."
Overture: Marriage of Figaro.
Concerto, for Flute and Harp, and Orch. accomp't.
(Manuscript, first time, Cadenzas composed by Mr.
Chas. Baetens.)
Me srs. Wehner and Lockwood.
Rondo di Chasse, [first time.]

Thursday Evening, August 19.

Marche des Impériaux (Julius Caesar).....Bülow
Vorspiel, Rosamunde, Op. 12.....G. Linder
Introduction and Caprice, [new].....Fr. Brandeis
Ritterliche Overture, [new].....Carl Stör
Symphony, No. 3, F major, "Im Walde".....Raff
Overture: King Stephen, Op. 117.....Beethoven
Theme and Variations, Quartet D minor.....Schubert
String Orchestra.
Polonaise, Struensee.....Meyerbeer

Tuesday, August 24, Grand Gala night and one hun-
dredth Concert of the season.

BEETHOVEN.

Overture to Leonora, No. 1, Op. 72.
" " " " 2, " "
" " " " 3, " "
" " " " 4, " "
Symphony, No. 7, in A, Op. 92.
Septet, Op. 20.
Overture: Egmont, Op. 84.

Thursday Evening, August 26.

Overture: Lodoiska.....Cherubini
Pastoral, Christmas Oratorio.....Bach
Symphony in C. No. 10 (first time).....Mozart
1. Allegro vivace, 2. Andante di molto,
3. Allegro vivace.
Overture: Coriolan.....Beethoven
Andante from the Odeon.....Schubert
Faust (Ein Musikalisches Charakterbild).....Rubinstein
Overture: Robespierre.....Litolff
Interlude—Invocation of the Alpenfay, } Schumann
Manfred, Op. 115.
Hungarian Dances.....Hoffmann
Huldigungs March.....Liszt

Tuesday, August 31, Scandinavian Night.

Coronation March.....Svendsen
Nordish Suite, No. 2, Op. 23, [new].....Hammerik
1. Old Norse Ballad, 2. Legend, 3. Heroes'
Hymn, 4. Norse Fling.
Overture: Im Hochland.....Gade
Concerto for Piano, Op. 16.....Grieg
Mr. S. Liebling (his first appearance in America).
Symphonic Intro'd'n to the drama "Sigard Slembe,"
Fairy Overture: Aladdin.....Horneman
Wedding March.....Soedermann
From the Drama, "The wedding of Ulfasa."
Fantasia, "Visions in a Dream".....Lumbye
With solo for Zither.
Galop, Champagne.....Lumbye

Thursday Evening, September 2.

Overture, Athalia.....Mendelssohn
Hungarian dances, [by request].....Brahms
Introduction,
Quintet, } 3d act "Meistersinger".....Wagner
Finale.
Symphony, No. 4, D minor, Op. 120.....Schumann
Rhapsodie Hongroise (Pesther Carneval).....Liszt
Romanze, in G, Op. 40.....Beethoven
Torchlight March in C minor, No. 3.....Meyerbeer

Saturday, September 4, Mendelssohn Night.

Overture: Athalia.
Symphony, No. 3, A minor, [Scotch].
Concert Overture, Melusine.
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, G minor.
Mr. S. B. Mills.
Music to Midsummer Night's Dream.
Overture, Scherzo, Intermezzo,
Nocturno, Wedding March.

Tuesday, September 7, English Night.

Overture: Wood nymph, Op. 20.....Bennett
Symphonic Poem, Macbeth Op. 54.....Pierson
Act 2d, Scene 4th.
Overture: St. John the Baptist.....Macfarren

Symphony, G minor, Op. 43, (new).....Bennett
1. Allegro moderato, 2. Minuetto, 3. Romanze,
4. Intermezzo—Rondo—Finale.
Overture: Lurline.....Wallace
Harp Solo, Welsh melody "The Ash Grove,"
J. Thomas

Mr. A. Lockwood.

Prelude to Shakespeare's Tempest, }
Dance of Nymphs and Reapers, }.....A. Sullivan
Overture di Ballo.....A. Sullivan

Thursday Evening, September 9.

Berlice.

Overture: Le Carnaval Romain.
Symphony Harold in Italy, Op. 16.
Obligato viola by Mr. Chas. Baetens.
Harp—Mr. A. Lockwood.

Linet.

Symphonic Poem, Les Preludes.
Die Loreley.
Mr. H. A. Bischoff.
Mephisto Waltz, Lenau's Faust.

Wagner.

Introduction, } Tristan and Isolde.
Finale.
Siegmund's Love Song, from first act of Walkure.
Mr. H. A. Bischoff.

Kaiser Marsch.

Saturday Evening, September 11, Schumann Night.

Symphony, No. 2 in C.
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, A minor.
Mr. S. B. Mills.
Träumerei, [for String orchestra].
Selections from the music to Byron's Manfred.
Overture, Interlude, Invocation of the
Alpenfay.

Overture: Genoveva.

To-morrow evening will be a Wagner night and
on Wednesday evening September 16, the regular
season will terminate; but a grand extra concert is
announced for Thursday night, which will be the
benefit of Theo. Thomas.

Of the concerts in prospect for the coming winter
I will write next time. A. A. C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 18, 1875.

A Musical Professorship at Harvard.

II.

In congratulating our old University on its mak-
ing room at last for a Chair for Music among the
other "humanities," we promised some account of
what actually has been accomplished there in this
direction within a few years.

About a year ago we gave a sketch of the musical
instruction, the clubs, the chapel music, &c., citing
some passages from the report of the examining
Committee on that branch. The College began with
a very moderate recognition of the importance of the
subject about twenty years ago, in the employment
of the late Levi P. Homer as "musical instructor,"
in which office he was succeeded by Mr. Paine in
1861. His functions were few, and his sphere of lab-
ors exceedingly small. In fact there was little for
him to do, beyond directing the chapel music, train-
ing a few short-lived voluntary singing classes, and
giving a few private lessons on the piano and organ,
or in harmony, &c. And there was small pay for
that. In course of time the instructor, of his own
impulse, gave one or two courses of lectures on mu-
sical history and aesthetics before a very meagre au-
dience of students and townspeople. Four or five
years ago, however, when the system of "Electives"
came in force, Music was placed on the list of elec-
tive studies, and Mr. Paine formed his first class, of
only six or eight young men, who "elected" to de-
vote some three recitation hours per week to exer-
cises in Harmony and simple Counterpoint. The
next year a new class was formed, equally small,
while the old class went on in studies more advanced,
getting somewhat initiated into Imitative Counter-
point, and the study and practice of the various mu-
sical forms (Song, Rondo, Sonata, &c., &c.) Last
year the course was further extended into the mys-
teries of Fugue and Canon, and even somewhat into
the study of Instrumentation. The exercises and

attempts at original composition of a number of the
pupils were highly creditable, and two or three of
the young men seemed to show great promise; one
of them, Mr. Arthur Foote, of Salem, of the Class of
1874, is devoting himself to the study of Music as a
life profession. But the examiners (and the very
appointment of such a Committee must be counted
among the signs of a recognition of Music on the
part of Alma Mater), suggested in their report of
1874, whether perhaps Mr. Paine was not trying to
cover too much ground, considering the limited time
the students have for it amid so many other studies,
and whether it would not be wiser to give more
time to making them more thoroughly grounded in
the earlier stages of Harmony, plain Counterpoint,
the harmonizing of Chorals, &c., rather than attempt
to carry them into Instrumentation, when no or-
chestra or opportunity of trial of their exercises ex-
isted in the college. And also whether the teach-
er's influence need be limited to the inducting of a
very few students into the dry theory of Counter-
point; whether he could not do something also
toward interesting the mass of undergraduates in
music as a matter of taste and refined social culture,
accustoming them to the hearing of the best works
of the masters.

—We are happy to say that during the past year
both of these suggestions have been adopted by the
"Assistant Professor" (the title which Mr. Paine
has worn for one year preliminary to his receiving
the full professorship.) The study of Harmony, the
Choral, &c., has been dwelt upon more thoroughly,
throwing the second and third classes into one,
while at the same time one or two students who were
exceptionally advanced have received special in-
struction in the higher branches of Imitation, Fugue,
&c. And there can be no mistaking the zeal and
earnestness with which the young men make the
most they can of the few hours they can spare for
this pursuit.

During the year, too, Mr. Paine has instituted a
fourth class, in the history of Music, which has been
somewhat larger than the others. The Professor
lectures on some period of the history in a familiar
conversational way, while the students take notes.
The next time, having consulted authorities mean-
while as recommended by the teacher, they are
questioned on the points of the last lecture, and
take notes on a new instalment of the history.

But the new feature of most interest undoubtedly
has been the Thursday Evening social musical per-
formances, which Mr. Paine, aided by some of the
best singers and players of instruments among the
students, has held weekly through the year in the
class room,—a small and very uninviting place for
it, to be sure, and the poor square piano being not
eminently sympathetic or responsive to the best ar-
tistic intentions; it is to be hoped that a better
place and better means to work with will be pro-
vided when the Professor is inaugurated! These
"Abendsunterhaltungen," as they call such occa-
sions at the Leipzig Conservatory, have proved very
interesting and instructive. The attendance has
been quite large, and the programmes choice and
historically significant. On one evening when we
had the pleasure of being present, Mr. Paine played
first a group of pieces, consisting of a Fugue by
Handel, a Sarabande by Bach, and a Gigue by Mo-
zart, preceded by brief historical and critical notices
of those masters. Then came an Aria of Mozart:
Dalla sua pace, from "Don Giovanni" beautifully
sung by the young tenor Szemelenyi, who gradu-
ated this year; then Lieder ohne Worte by Mendels-
sohn; Piano pieces by Schubert and Schumann,
followed by Songs of the same; and finally a Son-
ata of Beethoven. We were struck by the very close
attention of the students who composed the larger
part of the audience; they evidently were bent on

knowing something about the several composers, and the forms and styles in which they wrote.—We understand that the number of students who have given notice of their intention to take up one or more of these musical "electives" in the next term is at least double what it was last year.—We have not room now, but we feel it necessary to the completeness of this report that we should give some specimens of the musical questions put to the students in the "Examination Papers" at the end of each term.

Some further signs of musical progress in the College might be mentioned; for instance, 1. The improved character of the musical Clubs. 2. The not unfrequent appearance of late years of musical topics in Commencement "parts." Thus one young gentleman this year discoursed on "The Evolution of Musical Thought,"—whatever that might mean. 3. The conferring, for the first time this year, of the degree of Master of Arts on the ground of examinations in special studies, Music as well as any other; Mr. Arthur W. Foote received this degree after special preparation and examination in Music. The College wisely refrains from conferring Musical degrees as such ("Mus. Doc." or "Mus. Bac.") Such titles are only known in England; nowhere in Germany does such a degree exist. If Schumann, or von Bülow are called "Doctor," it means Doctor of Philosophy, or what not, conferred by some University by way of compliment, intimating that he, a musician, is thus recognized the peer of men of highest culture in literature, philosophy or science.

Music in Boston.—The Season's Probabilities.

"Old Prob." seems to have turned his attention to the musical skies, and every newspaper has its column of *ou dits*, prognostications, guesses, coupled in some instances with grave "we told you so" advice, about the multifarious phenomena which are to make up the approaching musical season, both of the meteoric and the regularly recurring kind. Judging from all their observations, there will be plenty of weather; possibly some of the dull kind, but no storms are predicted: all will be harmony, all rose color; the season will be exceptionally brilliant, as every season always was—beforehand!

First come the great shooting stars, of whom three of the first magnitude are positively announced. These are (remembering *place aux dames* in the order of naming them): first, Madame TERESA TIETJENS, who for some 17 or 18 years, has maintained the character of the grandest, noblest, most dramatic singer, alike in concert, oratorio and opera, in England! If she be still all that she was when we heard her fourteen years ago at the Birmingham Festival and in operas like *Fidelio*, (and all English criticisms declare that she has rather gained than lost in voice, expression and effect), her concerts here will certainly be memorable. She will be heard in our Music Hall sometime in November, it is said.—2. In the same month Mme. ARABELLA GODDARD, England's great pianist, will arrive here from California, as we have already stated, probably after first giving a few concerts in New York. Her only previous appearance in this country counts for nothing; for then she was placed in an entirely false position for an artist of her rank, and wholly lost in the huge Babel of the Gilmore "Coliseum." To hear her play the great classical concertos and other piano works of the masters in the Music Hall, where she will really be heard, and before a really musical audience, will certainly not be the least among the exceptional events of the season.—3. The greatest of the German pianists, after Liszt, Herr Dr. HANS VON BUKLOW, is to be here, everybody knows. His movements are a daily theme in all the papers, and his enterprising managers scatter broadcast through the land, a glowing pamphlet sketch

of him, after the manner in which the Italian Opera managers have been wont to announce their singers. We believe we have not omitted any essential point of his career and character as an artist in the references we have from time to time made of him. It is now understood that, as the new Chickering Hall will not be completed so early as was expected, his first appearance will be in Boston on the 18th of October. He will remain here a fortnight, giving in that time six concerts in the Music Hall, under the business management of the Superintendent of the Hall. These concerts will be with orchestra, (selected from our own musicians), and conducted by Carl Bergmann of New York. We see it further stated that his programmes will follow a somewhat historical order, beginning with Bach and Handel, and gradually coming down to the most modern composers, including his own peculiar idols of "the newness." Probably there is no more competent interpreter of old or new, or any, school.

For Orchestral music—since it is "manners" to name "company" first—we are to depend first on THEODORE THOMAS, who announces six "Symphony" Concerts again, to begin on Wednesday evening, Nov. 17, besides a "popular" series. He is to have a chorus again under the direction of Mr. SHARLAND. The programmes are not yet announced; but any one may gather from the rich list of his recent New York programmes, furnished us to-day by our correspondent, out of what materials they will be composed.—The SYMPHONY CONCERTS of the HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION (ten as usual) will be first in the field, beginning Thursday afternoon, Nov. 4, and continued Nov. 18, Dec. 2 and 24 (Friday), Jan. 6 and 20, Feb. 3 and 17, March 2 and 16. Each season ticket (price \$10) will admit the holder to the last rehearsal of each concert; the other rehearsals, more numerous than heretofore, will be strictly private. There will be Choral performances in several of the concerts,—it is hoped by the "Cecilia," as last year, only somewhat enlarged. It would be premature as yet to say much of the programmes, since many points remain unsettled. They will be as rich in quality, variety and novelty as the programme Committee, composed of the following gentlemen, can make them with the means at their command:—J. S. Dwight, C. C. Perkins, J. C. D. Parker, Otto Dresel, B. J. Lang, Hugo Leonhard, Geo. L. Osgood, and Wm. F. Apthorp. Eight of the ten Symphonies are already agreed upon, namely: Haydn's No. 2, in D, one of the largest and very finest, which has not been heard here for many years; Mozart, in G minor; Beethoven, No. 1, and the "Eroica," the only two which have not very lately figured in these Concerts; Mendelssohn, in A minor ("Scotch"); Schubert, op. 140, instrumented for Orchestra by Joachim, (first time in Boston), an exceedingly original and interesting work; Spohr (first time), "Irisches und Göttliches"; Gade, No. 4, in B flat. Of the two not yet decided, one undoubtedly will be by Schumann. A rich repertoire of Overtures, both grand and light, shorter Orchestral pieces, Concertos, &c., will be drawn from as occasion and the fitness of things may dictate. Next time we shall be able to say more. Meanwhile we will state that any person who is eager to come in for a chance in the early private distribution of seats, with the members of the Association, has only to apply to one of the above Committee, or to any member of the Harvard, before the 12th of October.

For Oratorio, the HANDEL AND HAYDN Society may surely be relied upon for their usual Christmas and Easter concerts; and we have the strongest assurances from members of its government, that Bach's *Passion Music* will be given complete, one half in the morning and one half in the evening, on Good Friday,—the way in which it was originally intended to be given, and used to be given in Germany. This is almost too good to believe; but if it really is done, it will be the event of the season of 1875-6, putting the noblest crown upon the whole.

The Operatic prospects are not particularly brilliant. Such information as we have has been already transferred to our columns.—Of the Quintette Clubs, the various Chamber Concerts, and the Singing Clubs of amateurs, we shall speak next time.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Some Notes from A. W. Thayer.

I.

I have received a Boston newspaper containing a sketch of Beethoven's life, in which the same old

errors, repeatedly in former years corrected in this Journal of Music, are revived and new ones added. Some of the more prominent are these:

1. The two visits of Beethoven to Vienna—the second one permanent—are confounded and a false idea of his success there during the first is conveyed.

2. Beethoven "found a home with Prince Lichnowsky for a period of ten years."—Yes, he was much at home there for more than that length of time; but, except as an occasional visitor, he was there as a member of the family during but two or three short periods of a few months each.

3. This same old story of "Land owner" and "Brain owner"—is a mole hill turned mountain. Suppose Smith, who went South in the war, changed his card from "Smith, Colonel 1st Reg. Mass. Vol.," to "Smith, Col. Int. Revenue," and afterwards to "Smith, Cotton Planter"—would anybody notice it? Johann v. Beethoven, when he bought an estate, having given up his other business, changed his card, as is universal in Germany and Austria, so that it read "Johann v. Beethoven, Gut-Besitzer" (Estate Proprietor). On New Year's day, as is a universal custom in Vienna, he sent his card with compliments to his brother. There was no "superciliousness" about it; and when Ludwig sent back his compliments with his title "Brain owner"—it was not meant as cutting sarcasm, but as a good natured joke.

As to his calling his brothers "the evil principle of his life," this is all nonsense or worse. Why don't people, when they write, quote their authorities with some degree of correctness? Look into that translation of Schindler, known as "Moscheles's (!) Life of Beethoven," Second Period—first paragraph. Schindler speaks of Beethoven's life as a drama, of which he (Schindler)—not Beethoven—calls the brothers the "evil principle." That is all there is of that.

4. "Pouring buckets of cold water on his hands by the hour together."—That's reasonable, isn't it? Who brought these buckets of water? Did he hire a man for the purpose? Did he keep a dozen or two buckets full on hand? Again I ask, why not quote your authority correctly? This is also from the Moscheles book, where the word is "jugs." The original is "*Krug*,"—what Americans translate "pitcher." "By the hour together!" Turn to your Moscheles Book, (English Ed. II. 177) and read Schindler for yourself.

5. The story of "Dannhauser and the Mask"—there is not one word of truth in the story, unless all this occurred after Beethoven was dead—for then and not until then did Dannhauser take a mask.

6. Spohr's story of "historic value in determining the time when Beethoven abandoned concert giving." I do not see well how; Spohr says the story was related to him of Beethoven's last concert, and that the occurrence was at a rehearsal. But when was it related to him? why, in 1812, or about that time; and Beethoven gave some ten or twelve concerts after that date.

7. Grillparzer's words: "Thou, who ne'er in life," &c., were not sung at his funeral, but on a subsequent occasion, when some friends visited his grave. The error here is copied from the wretched English translation, of Seyffried's forgery, the so-called "*Beethoven's Studien*"—a book which I once, with more zeal than knowledge, defended in *Dwight's Journal*.

II.

Here is a paragraph that is going the rounds of the American press:

"The poet Seidl, author of the Austrian National hymn, 'Gott erhalte unsern Kaiser,' died at Vienna on the 18th July."

And here is an advertisement, which I copied from the *Wiener Zeitung*—the official newspaper of Vienna—for the year 1797; here is a translation of it:

"New Song, *Gott erhalte unsern Kaiser*, von Lorenz Leopold Haschka, in music set by Herr Joseph Haydn, sung for the first time on the 12th of February, the birthday of our most gracious Monarch, For the pianoforte, 10 kreuzers."

The question is, whether the American papers or the *Wiener Zeitung* be correct. As it is seventy-eight years since the song was written, and Seidl only died this summer, I, for one, rather incline to the opinion, that he (Seidl) was not the author—but I do not know when he was born. I think Haschka, on the whole, should have the benefit of the doubt. A. W. T.

—Trieste, Italy, Aug. 1875.

More about the Great American College of Music.

1. A SENSIBLE LETTER FROM THE COMPOSER OF "FAUST."

The following letter from M. Gounod, the eminent French composer, will be read with interest. It was written in answer to an application made to him through M. Millet, the head of the Paris Conservatoire, to act as head of the proposed American College of Music:—(It takes your clever Frenchman to do these things so neatly!)

AUG. 1, '75—P. M.

My Dear Millet:—I received your two notes and I have just received a third. It has been impossible for me. I assure you, to find time to answer them. I am deluged with letters, and I never cease to curse the quantity I have to write. It is death to my work. I was a musician; I have become a correspondent.

But to come to the object of your letter. I recently met at the Conservatoire, on one of those days of pleasant reunions toward the close of the year, when I had the honor of being one of the jury, G. Chouquet, who told me he was about to write to you; and I begged him at the same time to forward to you my excuses, my regrets, and my answer.

I am no longer of an age nor in a state of health to emigrate for the purpose of founding a conservatory. I have two children, a son of 19 years of age and a daughter of 12. I can neither take my family to America nor leave it here. Moreover, I have neither the capacity nor the strength necessary to go to America, play the administrator, and spend the years left to me in labors the result of which I shall not witness, and which perhaps would only end in mistakes and deception. I am 57 years old, and have no desire to end my life in new enterprises. My fighting time is over, and though, as you brother says, I am not so very well off, I do not wish to face again the ocean of adventure. I will end my days in the quiet and modest position which incessant labor has won for me, and which is at least a security for my children.

I am not the less obliged to you,—indeed, I am very much flattered, that you should have thought of me as the Atlas of this new world, which I find too heavy for my shoulders.

If I dared offer any advice it would be this: Put an American at the head of an American conservatory, whoever he may be. Yours truly,

CH. GOUNOD.

2. MORE MILLIONS.

—The new American College of Music in New York city promises to be the most extensive institution of the kind in existence. The original endowment of five millions of dollars, contributed anonymously, will it is stated, shortly be supplemented by an additional donation of five millions by another millionaire, Mr. Daniel Hopkins. The constitution, by-laws and scheme of instruction are now completed, and await the sanction of the board of trustees, which being obtained—as it doubtless will be—the college can immediately begin operations. The institution will be temporarily located in the handsome block on Fifth Avenue between Forty-fifth and Forty-second streets, now partly occupied by the Rutgers Female College; and it is expected that in about five years the permanent building, which will cost at least a million, will be completed on the site appropriated by the legislature and park commissioners in Central Park, from Eightieth to Eighty-first streets. The munificence of the endowment will render it possible to provide musical education practically free to all. The terms of instruction will be very low, and there will be an abundance of free scholarships.—*Advertiser*, Sept. 2.

3. A NEW CANDIDATE PERHAPS.

We read in the *Springfield Republican*, that Delle Sedie of Paris is now thought of for director, and the composer and pianist Boscovitz will be offered a professorship.

WHAT TIETJENS CAN DO. The *London Athenaeum* in a review of Mlle. Tietjens' abilities as a lyric artist, says:—"Although what are termed the light soprano parts, such as those sustained by Persiani, Sontag, Mme. Jennie Lind, Mme. Adeline Patti, Mme. Nilsson, Signora Varesi, etc., can no longer be included in the repertoire of Mlle. Tietjens, she retains a monopoly of Valentini, of Norma, of Lucrezia Borgia, of Medea, of Donna Anna, of Semiramide, of the three Leonoras ('Trovatore,' 'Fidelio,' and 'Favorita'), of Agata ('Der Freischütz') etc. In not one of these assumptions can we cite any other existing singer, at home or abroad, who can compete with the rich, sound and powerful quality of voice possessed by Mlle. Tietjens, who is, in fact, the legitimate successor of Pasta, Grisi, Schroeder-Devrient, Malibran, Viardot, etc. Her reception by the American amateurs will doubtless be as enthusiastic as that she has met with here as well as in her own country, and she has the artistic advantage of being as attractive in the concert-room as on the lyric stage."

A New York paper states:

Mr. Strakosch has engaged Mlle. Tietjens for fifty per-

formances, with the privilege of doubling the number at his option, at the rate of \$1000 in gold for each performance. She will leave England September 18, with her manager, Mr. Mapleson, the director of Her Majesty's Opera in London, and will leave to return home again in time to meet her engagements, beginning next March. Her first appearance in this city will be in October at Steinway Hall, probably in opera-concert. Her appearances will be in Steinway Hall, with a dollar admission fee. \$2 and \$3 for reserved seats. Selections from Weber, Pacini, Schubert, Handel, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Meyerbeer, Beethoven and Gluck, will be presented, Mlle. Tietjens singing in all her most famous characters. Her most celebrated parts are *Agatha* in "Der Freischütz," *Lucrezia*, in "Lucrezia Borgia," and *Leonora*, in "Fidelio." After giving a very few performances in this city, Mlle. Tietjens will make a tour of other cities, and sing in Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Toronto, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Should the season be profitable enough to warrant 100 performances, Mr. Strakosch will make a tour of the southern States as far south as New Orleans.

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt.

Hon. Lyman Tremain in a letter from Carlsbad, Austria, dated Aug. 10th, says:

On Sunday before last quite an interesting little incident occurred at the conclusion of the services in the English church. As there was no regular organist, the Rector had requested that if any lady present was willing to play on the melodeon the next Sunday, he would be obliged if she would inform him. At the close a lady, who was a stranger to him, volunteered her services. Discovering that she spoke in broken English, he said: "Do you think you are competent to play upon the melodeon?" Said she, "I think I am. Perhaps you may not doubt it when I tell you my name. It is Jenny Lind Goldschmidt." He cheerfully acquiesced, and propounded no more questions as to her capacity. The Rector, who is the minister of a church in England, and is here only for a short time, has been very polite and attentive to our party. Desiring the assistance in singing of our two young ladies, who are both excellent singers, Miss Julia Parsons and Miss Childs, of Cleveland, he called and requested them to meet Mrs. Goldschmidt at rehearsal, which they did. On Sunday last I went early to church and found Mrs. G. at the melodeon. I hope I may be pardoned having watched her face and her movements with quite as much attention as was consistent with the solemnity of the service. She played an *aria*. Her voice still exhibited much power, especially in the higher notes. She appeared to be a woman of fifty or upwards, with nothing about her to attract attention, and was dressed with great plainness and simplicity, without ornament of any kind. Can it be, I thought, that the woman before me, joining so devoutly in these religious services, is the same world-renowned Queen of Song, before whom the people of America formerly paid such wonderful homage? Is this the person to see and hear whom I had travelled one hundred and fifty miles, with my wife, and paid \$20 for two tickets of admission to her concert, at Tripler Hall in New York, some twenty-five years ago? Was this the same Swedish Nightingale whom I had seen tripping upon the stage, gorgeously attired, in all her youth, power and beauty, and who received such bursts of applause from the brilliant audience which crowded the hall from pit to dome? Ah! what changes both time wrought! Her countenance, no longer beautiful, seemed to me to be plainly marked by sorrow, sadness and care. She has a daughter who is said to inherit her voice, her genius and musical talents. Jenny Lind will always be remembered with admiration and regard by her numerous American friends. They will hope that she may live over again her brilliant career in the triumphs of her daughter.

The Original "Elijah" in America.

(From the "Transcript," Sept. 4.)

To the Editor of the Transcript: Mr. Thomas Ball, long a resident in Florence, writing under date of Aug. 1 for a copy of the address of the president of the Handel and Haydn Society before that institution, at its last annual meeting, extracts from which he had "seen in the papers," says, "It took me back twenty-five or thirty years into the midst of my most pleasant associations. Your widely circulated Report will be perhaps the only record to the next generation that Thomas Ball, whom they may still judge of as a sculptor and painter, was also in his time a pleasant singer. You know how apt we are to think our poor amateur efforts, no matter in what line, more surprising than our most successful professional works; so, when I read in Dwight's extracts from your address that 'Thomas Ball, the now eminent sculptor, was the original Elijah in America,' it sent a thrill of delight to my heart; and I really believe, now, that it would excite my vanity more to be introduced to a stranger (especially if he were musical) as the 'original Elijah in America,' than as the 'author of the equestrian statue of Washington in Boston.'"

The letter is replete with expressions of interest in the society and of events in its history; and the only apology the writer can offer for making public any portion of a private letter is found in the fact that Mr. Ball was for many years intimately identified with the Handel and Haydn Society as one of its members, and a prominent solo singer in the oratorios with Anna Stone (now Mrs. Elliot of New York), and many others, and has since secured higher honors in another department of art, until his name is familiar to all Americans at home as well as abroad. L. B. B.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Poor Old Nance. S'g and Cho. 2. Ab to f. Minnie Patterson. 30

"And on the time stained page they read
"My dear boy Jamie's hair."
Quite touching narrative song.

My Darling under the Vine's cool shade.
(Herzliebchen mein unter Rebendach). 3. Ab to d. Conradi. 30

"O come thou down to me."
"O komm herab zu mir."

A charming German peasant ballad, in the form of a serenade.

Pleasures of Love. (Plaisir d'Amour). 3. F to f. Martini. 30

"Je t'aimerais, me repetais Silvie."
"I love thee, I love, said Silvie."

Uncommonly sweet melody. Throughout neat and beautiful.

If I only knew her Name. 2. D to f. Brockway. 40

"My heart was like a lark,
The sky was bright and gay."

By the author of "Twilight in the Park," and quite as good as that. Begin early to sing or whistle it. Fine picture title.

Little Tin Soldier. 3. Bb to d. Molloy. 30

"She was a little fairy dancer,
Bright as bright could be."

Hans Andersen's little story set to music. Those who sing it will be sure of great applause from the little ones, as it is very pretty.

Broken Rhythm. 3. Eb to e. Booth. 30

"My ears keep time to half a rhyme,
That slips and slides away from me."

Words by Eliz. Stuart Phelps, and are quite worthy of Mr. B's pure, classical, musical setting.

Bird of Love. 5. A to a. Lemmens. 30

"It warbles softly at the dawn,
And sings the whole day long."

A bird song of the sweetest character. Requires a moderately good execution in the "warblings," but otherwise not difficult, except, perhaps, in the rhythm.

Instrumental.

La Sylphide. Morceau de Salon. Op. 55. 4. C. Lange. 40

An exquisite "morsel," truly, and graceful as Lange's must be.

From a distant Shore. (Von fernem Strand). Polka Mazurka. 3. D. Faust. 30

Carl Faust lives in such "a distant" land that only his best pieces are likely to be known here, and this may be considered as one.

En Route. Marche Brillante. 4. Eb. S. Smith. 75

"Brilliant," in Sidney Smith's hands, becomes double brilliant, and this powerful affair is almost ablaze with brightness.

Marche des Amazones. 3. D. Maylath. 40
Full of staccato octaves and accents, and while it is good music, it is also a good practice piece.

The Flower of Andalusia. Fandango. (La Fleur d'Andalusia). 4. Eb. Maylath. 40
A spirited Spanish Air.

Pride of our Home. Nocturne. 3. Eb. Wilson. 60

Very sweet piece, but hardly as sweet as the child's face that looks out from the title.

Irish Diamonds. By Willie Pape, ea. 75
No. 3. Has sorrow thy young days; and Young May Morn.

Similar to others of the set in beauty, difficulty, and adaptability to public taste.

Bouquet de Bal. (Mazurka elegante). 4. F. Ketterer. 50

Very bright, anyway, but may be made still brighter by the addition (at will) of the arpeggios in small notes.

You and I. (With liberal Variations). 4. Ab. Grobe. 60

Nobody has been more liberal in really good variations than Mr. Grobe, and the newest are as good as the best.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

